

Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, &c.

[From the London Daily News.]

Peace and War.—[SUNDAY, November 6th.]

The village bells were ringing
By the border of the sea ;
The robin whistled singing,
Chanted in the holy tree :
From the tents about the wall
From the mill beside the weir—
Underneath the churchyard wall—
Came the gathered multitude to pray.

Then they softly closed the door,
And the people all arose,
Mid the knights upon the floor,
Who knelt in Saracens' robes,
And the simple palm was sung,
And the children turned to pray,
Where the baron's hatching hung,
And the grim Crusader lay.

In the carved chancel stalls,
Knelt a maiden in the sun,
And the marble on the walls
Told no tale for her to win.
She was pleading in her love,
That her lover might not die,
And the angels wept above,
For they heard his dying cry.

The sweet chimed from the steeple
Reached the sailor on the waves,
The voices of the people
Whispered low among the graves :

I rough the meadows and the mine
 To the lighthouse and the mill,
 To their homes they went again,
 And the village green was still.
 On the hill-side on the heights—
 Where spring the fountains now—
 Famous among famous fights—
 Faged the battle with the flow,
 Though the dark the sword,
 Sword and plume were wet with rain—
 Through the bush battalions dashed,
 Charges and charges, and charges again.
 Man to man, and steel to steel—
 When the muskets cease their fire—
 Till the swerving columns rest,
 Till the swarming serried ranks
 Guards and Chasseurs side by side
 Can and themselves be glorious name,
 Bravely fought and nobly died
 In the brotherhood of fame.
 Underneath the pollard oaks
 Clustered on a grassy knoll,
 Where the woodman's ringing strokes
 Never flash the slender blade;
 Meeting with each other there
 Grasping still his father's sword
 Never more to change again,
 Lay the loved one and the sword.
 For the night will be a dark
 And the night will be a dark

In the grave his comrades share,
And the maiden's grief he keeps—
One soft tress of shining hair:
She will often pass in dreams
To that grave beside the mill,
When the Winter winds are streaming,
And the snow lies on the hill.

[From the Pennsylvania Inquirer.]

The doomed Athenian.

BY EDWARD C. JONES.

The following article is based on a fact in Grecian history :

When to Athenian breast there sped,
The fugitive hand with plunge gay,
With brow all gloom, and pompous head,
The fugitive he spurned away.
Dashed to the ground and trampled there,
Its shattered pinion soiled and dim,
Oh ! could he look, nor feel remorse,
The tremor of the limb and limb !

What he done ! A little bird,
Who sported on airy wing,
Some coming idn perchance had heard,
Which sets its heart to fluttering ;
Or haster soaring through the wood,
Or vulture poised in mid-day air,
Or truant boy who near it stood,

Thus prompted to one heart,
It turned its wing, and sought repose ;
Did it from fancied danger start,
To court some still real foe ?
Yes, pity did not fledge it there,
Nor gentleness above it hung.
More tender would it have the care,
Had it mid Scythian horrors been flung.
And the high court of Authens vowed -
" That he should die, a monstrous thing -
Who wraps in Silesia's arms the foe."
The tender thoughts which pity bring
O'er Brother, doubly doomed by Heaven.
Is he who dies for us, or for his foe ?
The contrite one, who, God forgive,
Seeks there assurance, hope and rest.

The Treaty of Alliance with Austria.
The following is the treaty of alliance between Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain, His Majesty the Emperor of Austria, and the Emperor of France, signed at Vienna, Dec. 2, 1854 :
" Declaration exchanged at Vienna, Dec. 4, 1854 :
Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, His Majesty the Emperor

His Majesty the Emperor of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, the Right Hon. John Parnell, M.P., and the Right Hon. John James Russell, M.P., in the name of the British Government, have the honor to present war at the earliest possible moment the re-establishment of general peace on solid basis according to the whole of Europe every guarantee in return of the complications which have unhappily disturbed its repose; being convinced that the only way to secure the permanent peace in the complete union of their efforts until the common object which they have in view shall be effectually attained; and acknowledging, in consequence of the necessity of coming to an immediate understanding with regard to their respective positions, and the necessity of the British Government being considered a treaty of alliance and have for that purpose appointed as their plenipotentiaries:

His Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, the Right Hon. John Parnell, M.P., of Westmorland, a Peer of the United Kingdom of Great Britain, and the Right Hon. John James Russell, M.P., of the County of Devon, a Peer of the United Kingdom of Great Britain, Colonel of 56th Regiment of the Line, Knight Grand Cross of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, and Commander of the Imperial Division of the same Order, Knight of the

[illegible]

troops, they engage mutually and reciprocally not to enter into any arrangement with the Imperial Government in Russia without having first deliberated thereon in common.

His Majesty the Emperor of Austria has agreed, in virtue of the treaty concluded on the 14th of July last with the Sublime Porte, caused the Principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia to be occupied by his troops, he engages to defend the frontier of the said Principalities against any return of the Russian forces; the Austrian troops shall for this purpose occupy the position necessary for guaranteeing those Principalities against any attack.

His Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and His Majesty the Emperor of France, having likewise concluded with the Sublime Porte, on the 12th of March, a treaty by which she promises them to direct their forces upon every occasion against the Russian troops, and in the name of the Ottoman Empire, the above mentioned Empress shall not interfere with the free movements of the Anglo-French or Ottoman troops upon the

Jennings replied to this: "I took his pills, sir, according to directions for the first ten days, doubling every day. I took one and found on the fifth day that the dose amounted to thirty-two pills; and then I began to figure up what it would come to in forty days and found that I should have to take at least half a peck."

"No matter if it was a bushel," said Dr. LeBrun; "ze pill is vegetable, just same as von turnep, and might live on zem all ze way and zey no hurt. But I zay ge ziv zee a fair trnd, vor I luv him bak his money!"

It was plain enough that Jennings, did not go according to contract, so he had no pretence for asking Dr. LeBrun to refund. The doctor promised to say nothing about the assault and battery if Jennings would persevere in the purchase and use of the medicine; but Jennings, in this extreme case, preferred operation of law to that of physic, and was accordingly obliged to answer for the outrage he had committed.

The dyspeptic individual, however, in saying that "when he began to figure up what it would come to in forty days" he had followed the sable physician's prescription, and found that he would have had "to take at least half a peck," showed a great ignorance of quantity as of quality. Our "devil," while waiting for the copy, "has figured it up"; and says that the summing Jennings would have only 1,070,404. — Jennings took to take his last dose, and but 2,141,009,255,530 altogether; and he was to reduce to "a dry measure" at his exp. first lieus.

COL. BENTON AND PETER THE HERMIT.—Colonel Benton has reached Washington, from his recent visit to New England, in fine spirits. He talks in this wise: "I have the Pacific Railroad in my trunk, sir, my trunk. The solid men of Boston have taken it in hand, sir! Abbott Lawrence, sir! Abbott Lawrence—a man of great wealth, sir—a man of great wealth has authorized me to use his name, sir! Lawrence made me the money that knowledge, sir; but he has the cash, the cash, sir! I am like Peter the hermit, sir! Peter the hermit! He preached the crusades, sir—I the Pacific Railroad, sir! Solitary and alone, sir, I am setting this Pacific Railroad in motion, sir! —Wash. Cor. Boston Post.

SINGULAR COMPARISON.—The London Times speaks of the Cossacks as they appeared at the recent battles in the Crimea, resembling "mounted Yankees, in their agility, intelligence, irregular costume, and individual self-reliance."

NOT BAD OR A BEGINNING.--A young beginner, whom we are rather anxious to encourage, sends us the following, as his first attempt: "The difference between the two potentates who rule over the destinies of Turkey and Russia is simply this--the one is a Sultan, and the other insultin."